G. Vand.r Gucht Jn.t & Scul.

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1489.f.51.

Sir HARRY WILDAIR:

A

COMEDY,

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written by *GEORGE FARQUHAR.*

LONDON:

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MDCCLXVI.

15
59
JUN

PROLOGUE.

OUR Authors have, in moſt their late Eſſays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
To paſs for Humour and go down for Wit.
Athenian *Rules muſt form an* Engliſh *Piece,*
And Drury-Lane *comply with ancient* Greece.
Exactneſs *only, ſuch as* Terence *writ,*
Muſt pleaſe our maſqu'd Lucretias *in the Pit.*
Our youthful Author ſwears he cares not a Pin
For Voſſius, Scaliger, Hedelin, *or* Rapin:
He leaves to learned Pens ſuch labour'd Lays;
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From muſty Books let others take their View,
He hates dull Reading, but he ſtudies You.
Firſt, from your Beaux, his Leſſon is Formality;
And in your Footmen there —— moſt nice Morality;
To pleaſure them his Pegaſus *muſt fly,*
Becauſe they judge and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Style,
And learns, without a Bluſh, to make 'em ſmile;
A Leſſon only taught us by the Fair;
A waggiſh Action —— but a modeſt Air.
Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that ev'ry modiſh Writer needs.
He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden *Critick's Face,*
The modern Forms of Action, Time, *and* Place,
The Action he's aſham'd to name, —— d'ye ſee,
The Time *is* Seven, *the* Place *is* Number Three.
The Maſques *he only reads by paſſant Looks,*
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit *and* Boxes *are his* Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks cenſure then, and hiſs like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's *Beaux, and* Covent-Garden *Rakes.*

35

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Col. *Standard*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Fireball, a Sea Captain,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Monſ. *Marquis*, a ſharping Refugee,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Beau Banter,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Clincher, the Jubilee-Beau, turn'd Politician.	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Dicky, Servant to *Wildair*,	Mr. *Norris*.
Shark, Servant to *Fireball*,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Ghoſt,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Lord *Bellamy*,	Mr. *Simpſon*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Lurewell*,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Angelica,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Parly,	Mrs. *Lucas*.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *JAMES*'s.

THE

A

Trip to the JUBILEE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball *meeting,*

STANDARD.

HAH! Brother *Fireball!* Welcome aſhore. What! Heart-whole? Limbs firm, and Frigate ſafe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends could wiſh.

Stand. And what News from the *Baltick?*

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys i'th' North that have got Globes and Scepters to play with: They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the *Engliſh* came in like *Robin Good-Fellow*, cry'd Boh, and made 'em quiet.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my Succeſs: You have heard, I ſuppoſe, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my firſt News upon my Landing, that Colonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell* ——A fine Lady indeed! A very fine

Lady! But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian* Canoo, than manage the Veſſel you're Maſter of.

Stand. Why ſo, Sir?

Fire. Becauſe ſhe'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail and no Ballaſt——Shall I tell you the Character I've heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Huſband, and cry for the Loſs of her Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cauſe, and pleas'd without a Reaſon. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholick all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an underſtanding Head; yet her Vanity will ſtoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And, in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Faſhion's ſake, and to the Baſſet-Table with Devotion; and her Paſſion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought virtuous, or the Deſire of acting the contrary——We Seamen ſpeak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempeſtuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you ſo? Why then give me thy Hand, honeſt *Frank*, and let the World talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, ſay you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all——They only ſay what's uſual upon ſuch Occaſions: That your Wife's the greateſt Coquet about the Court, and your Worſhip the greateſt Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That ſhe's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in herſelf, and a Paradiſe to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in herſelf, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it ſhall be ſo: I'll back again to *White*'s, and whoever dares mutter Scandal

Scandal of my Brother and Siſter, I'll daſh his Ratifia in's Face, and call him a Liar. [*Going.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too ſtrong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be throughly reveng'd, we muſt murder all the Beaux, and poiſon half the Ladies: Thoſe that have nothing elſe to ſay, muſt tell Stories: Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over Tea, muſt have ſomething that's ſharp to reliſh their Liquor: Malice is the piquant Sauce of ſuch Converſation; and without it, their Entertainment would prove mighty inſipid——Now, Brother, why ſhould we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Becauſe all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worſt Reaſon in the World.——Would you pretend to devour a Lion, becauſe a Lion would devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I could.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you could! But ſince you have neither Teeth nor Paws for ſuch an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beaſt may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But, I ſay, that whoever abuſes my Brother's Wife, tho' at the Back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no ſuch thing as Villany at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a ſingle Perſon, he might be ſtil'd a Villain with a vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accuſers. In ſhort, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now a-days, pleads Liberty of Conſcience; every Man's Conſcience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment.—As for Inſtance, who would be ſo complaiſant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay? And who can be ſo ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for eſpouſing that which is the very Tenure of his Livelihood?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cauſe; ——But, Sir, my Bus'neſs is not with the Court, but with you: I deſire you, Sir, to open your Eyes; at leaſt, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard juſt now at the Chocolate-Houſe.

Stand. Brother.—

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal pleaſe you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why ſhould you think it ſhould pleaſe me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to yourſelf, ſweet Sir: If it made you uneaſy, there's no queſtion but it will torment me, who am ſo much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. 'Pſhaw! If they abus'd me, they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Bottle-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were ſo rally'd, ſo torn! there was a hundred Ranks of ſneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which ſo mangled your Wife's Reputation, that ſhe can never patch up her Honour while ſhe lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you ſay.

Fire. Very white; Blood, Sir, I ſay, they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I ſay, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be ſafe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a Syllable. Liſt'ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will ſting you to Death: Let 'em ſpit their Venom among themſelves, and it hurts no Body.

Fire. Lord! Lord! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together! Fye, fye, Sir! conſider you have

have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Poſt; diſtinguiſh'd by brave Actions, and Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies——Hell! that a Man who has ſtorm'd *Namur* ſhould become the Jeſt of a Coffee-Table——The whole Houſe was clearly taken up with the two important Queſtions, whether the Colonel was a Cuckold, or *Kid* a Pyrate?

Stand. This I can't bear. [*Aſide.*

Fire. Ay (ſays a ſneering Coxcomb) the Colonel has made his Fortune with a witneſs: he has ſecur'd himſelf a good Eſtate in this Life, and a Reverſion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I preſume he's oblig'd to your Lordſhip's Bounty for the latter part of the Settlement. There are others (ſays a third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, beſides my Lord; I have capotted her myſelf two or three times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, aſſiſt me.

Fire. Matrimonial Patience! Matrimonial Peſtilence!—Shake off theſe drowzy Chains that fetter your Reſentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Perſon be as publick as her Character: If ſhe be honeſt revenge her Quarrel.—— I can ſtay no longer: This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office*; I'll come and dine with you; in the mean time, Revenge! think on't. [*Exit* Fireball.

Stand. [*Solus*] How eaſy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to obſerve it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye pack her off.* Ay, but how? The Goſpel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it ſo very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work to pieces.—That her Intentions have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witneſs.

Enter Parley, *running croſs the Stage.*

Here, here, Mrs. *Parley*, whither ſo faſt?

Par. Oh Lord! my Maſter! — Sir, I was running to Madamoiſelle *Furbello*, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgundy* for my Lady's Head.

Stand.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old faſhion'd Garniture for your Maſter's Head, if I miſtake not your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir, there's the prettieſt Faſhion lately come over! ſo airy, ſo *French*, and all that!——The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a ſide, and open all from the Face; the Hair is frizled all up round the Head, and ſtands as ſtiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hang looſe upon the Temples with a languiſhing Lock in the middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind.—I muſt fetch it preſently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I muſt talk with you.

Par. Another time, Sir, my Lady ſtays for it.

Stand. One Queſtion firſt: What Wages doth my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pounds a Year, Sir, which God knows is little enough, conſidering how I ſlave from Place to Place upon her Occaſions. But then, Sir, my Perquiſites are conſiderable; I make above two hundred Pounds a Year by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two hundred Pounds a Year of her old Cloaths! What then muſt her new ones coſt?——But what do you get by viſiting Gallants, and Picquet?

Par. About a hundred Pounds more.

Stand. A hundred Pounds more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honeſt, when ſhe gets ſo much by being a Jade?——What Religion are you of, Mrs. *Parley?*

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In *Holland.*

Stand. Were you ever chriſten'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par.

Par. My Parents were Anabaptiſts: they dy'd before I was dipt; I then forſook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one ſince.

Stand. I'm very ſorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction ſooner, that I might have paid you the Reſpect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you loſt your Maidenhead?—— [*She puts on her Maſk, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, now you have been ſo free with me, I tell you what you muſt truſt to in return: Never to come near my Houſe again. Be gone, Monſter, fly,——Hell and Furies! never chriſten'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be ſo furious. Never chriſten'd! What then? I may be a very good Chriſtian for all that, I ſuppoſe.——Turn me off! Sir, you ſhan't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Buſineſs to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you! A ſweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's ſuch a helliſh Confident, there muſt be damnable Secrets.——Be gone, I ſay.———My Wife ſhall turn you away.

Par. Sir, ſhe won't turn me away, ſhe ſha'n't turn me away, nor ſhe can't turn me away: Sir, I ſay, ſhe dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Becauſe I'm the Miſtreſs, not ſhe.

Stand. You the Miſtreſs!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if ſhe dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Par. Humph!——Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Huſband!——Very pretty, faith! Sure, Sir, you don't

don't think me ſuch a *Jew*: Tho' I was never chriſten'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection, or Intereſt?

Par. Shall I tell you a Chriſtian Lie, or a Pagan Truth?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Intereſt, Intereſt! I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honeſt one —— Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Intereſt make you faithful to me, as much as to others?

Par. Honeſt to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Stiver ſince. One Gallant gives me ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a Pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my noble Maſter gives me ——— his Linen to mend —— Faugh! —— I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stingineſs to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than Ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley!*

Par. No, faith not yet; tho' in a very fair Way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very ſuddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you ſhall be my Penſioner; you ſhall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You ſhall find a Huſband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generoſity. Take their Money, Child; take all their Bribes; give 'em Hopes; make 'em Aſſignations; ſerve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, ſhe will be kept chaſte, you will grow rich, and I ſhall preſerve my Honour.

Par. But what Security ſhall I have for Performance of Articles?

Stand. Ready payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earneſt.

Stand. Five Guineas. [*Giving her Money.*

Par.

Par. Are they right? No *Gray's-Inn* Pieces amongſt 'em.—All right as my Leg ——Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earneſt of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend Sir *Harry Wildair.*

Stand. Impoſſible?

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife ſo ſoon?

Par. Why, ſhe has been dead now above a Year. ——He appear'd in the Ring laſt Night with ſuch Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazzled the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of ſix *Flanders* Mares, ſeven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promiſes and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did ſhe condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd herſelf a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity?

Par. She might as ſafely ſwear, that this Day-ſe'nnight, at four o'Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders.* 'Tis preſuming for any of us all to promiſe for our Inclinations a whole Week. Beſides, Sir, my Lady has got the Knack of Coquetting it; and when once a Woman has got that in her Head, ſhe will have a Touch on't every where elſe.

Stand. An Oracle, Child! But now I muſt make the beſt of a bad Bargain; and ſince I have got you on my ſide, I have ſome Hopes, that by conſtant Diſappointments and Croſſes in her Deſigns, I may at laſt tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I ſtand to the Obligation; and will tell you farther, that by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our Houſe to Cards, and that there is a Deſign laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be beſides?

Par.

Par. Why, the old Set at the Baſſet-Table; my Lady *Lovecards*, and the uſual Company; they have made up a Bank of fifteen hundred *Louis d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Deſign lies upon Sir *Harry*'s Purſe, and the *French* Marquis, you know, conſtantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French* Marquis, that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley*; —— the Perſecution of *Baſſet* in *Paris* furniſh'd us with that Refugee; but the Character of ſuch a Fellow ought not to reflect on thoſe who have been real Sufferers for their Religion. —— But take no notice. Be ſure only to inform me of all that paſſes. — There's more Earneſt for you: Be rich and faithful. [*Exit* Standard.

Par. [*Solus*] I am now not only Woman to the Lady *Lurewell*, but Steward to her Huſband, in my double Capacity of knowing her Secrets, and commanding his Purſe. A very pretty Office in a Family; *For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.*—My Comings-in, at this rate, will be worth a Maſter in *Chancery*'s Place, and many a poor Templer will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, *meeting her.*

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your Purpoſes.

Par. Bleſs me! Mr. *Dicky!*

Dick. The very ſame in Longitude and Latitude! not a bit diminiſh'd, not a Hair's breadth increas'd. —— Dear Mrs. *Parley*, give me a Buſs, for I'm almoſt ſtarv'd.

Par. Why ſo hungry, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, I han't taſted a Bit this Year and half, Woman? I have been wand'ring about all over the World, following my Maſter, and come home to dear *London* but two days ago. Now the Devil take me, if I had not rather kiſs an *Engliſh* Pair of Pattins, than the fineſt Lady in *France*.

Par. Then you're overjoy'd to ſee *London* again?

Dick.

Dick. Oh! I was juſt dead of a Conſumption, till the ſweet Smoke of *Cheapſide*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-Ditch* made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair?*

Dick. Why, ſeeing me a handſome perſonable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that's was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Maſter?

Dick. O! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off; I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very ſorry for the Loſs of your Miſtreſs, Sir *Harry*'s Lady? They ſay, ſhe was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the ſweeteſt Woman that ever the Sun ſhin'd upon. I could almoſt weep when I think of her. [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Par. How did ſhe die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Buſs then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You ſhall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then —— Courage! —— Now for a doleful Tale —— You know that my Maſter took a Freak to go ſee that fooliſh *Jubilee* that made ſuch a Noiſe among us here; and no ſooner ſaid than done; away he went; he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *Engliſh* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here. —— Well, ſo far, ſo good —— But ſcarce was my Maſter's Back turn'd, when my Lady fell to ſighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in ſhort fell ſick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that ſhe pluck'd up her Spirits at laſt, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far; and farther than I can tell, till we came to a Place call'd *Montpelier*, in *France*; a goodly Place truly.—— But, Sir *Harry* was gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour

bour loſt —— But, to be ſhort, my poor Lady, with the Tireſomneſs of Travelling, fell ſick — and dy'd?

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worſt of the Story. ——— Thoſe curſed barbarous Devils, the *French*, would not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, ſhe was a Heretick Woman, and they would not let her Corps be put into their holy Ground —— Oh! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honeſt Pagan, as I am, than ſuch a Chriſtian as one of theſe? —— But how did you diſpoſe the Body?

Dick. Why, there was one charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to viſit my Lady in her Sickneſs; ſhe contriv'd the Matter ſo, that ſhe had her bury'd in her own private Chapel. This Lady and myſelf carry'd her out upon our own Shoulders, through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Prieſts, we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; ſome ſort of a Cannibal, I believe. I know there are ſome Cannibal Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-houſes in Maſks; but let them have a care how they go to *France*: For they are all Hereticks, I believe.) But I'm ſure my good Lady was none of theſe.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you muſt know, that my Lady, after ſhe was bury'd, ſent me ——

Par. How! after ſhe was bury'd!

Dick. 'Pſhaw! Why Lord, Miſtreſs, you know what I mean; I went to Sir *Harry* all the way to *Rome*; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick.

Dick. Why, in the middle of a Monaſtery, among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was ſurpriz'd to ſee honeſt *Dicky*, you may be ſure. But when I told him the ſad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *Engliſh* Oaths upon the Spot, and ſwore that he would ſet Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himſelf up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but inſtead of that, he call'd for his beſt Linnen, fine Wig, guilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, ſwore again he would be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to ſome purpoſe.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, in a matter of five Days he got ſix Nuns with Child, and left them to provide for their Heretick Baſtards —— Ah plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping-hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts. —— So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himſelf at this rate through all the Catholick Countries that we paſſed, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has ſome Deſigns of Revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who could have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper would have been ſo revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buſs you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue. [*Runs off.*

Dick. Allons. [*Follows.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chamber Maids.

1 *Cham.*

ARE all Things ſet in order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready?

2 *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we ſhall be ſure of our Lecture; I wiſh for my part that my Time were out.

1 *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our Time be half expir'd; and ſhe's worſe this Morning than ever. ——— Here ſhe comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a Couple of you indeed! But how, in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was laſt Night; a Wrinkle on one ſide, and a Rumple on t' other; the Pillars awry, and the Quilt aſkew. —— I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long. —— Oh! — my Bones ake this Morning as if I had lain all Night on a pair of *Dutch* Stairs. ——— Go, bring Chocolate. —— And, d'ye hear? Be ſure to ſtay an Hour or two at leaſt. — Well! Theſe *Engliſh* Animals are ſo unpoliſh'd! I wiſh the Perſecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of theſe *French* Refugees among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

Theſe Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate. —— And what made you ſtay ſo long?

Cham.

Cham. I thought we did not ſtay at all, Madam.

Lure. Only an Hour and half by the ſloweſt Clock in Chriſtendom—And ſuch Salvers and Diſhes too! The Lard be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with ſuch Animals?—Where are my new *Japan* Salvers?—Broke, o' my Conſcience All to pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam; but your Huſband

Lure. How? Huſband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Huſband! Is that your *Welſh* Breeding? Han't the Coll. a Name of his own.

Cham. Well then, the Coll. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we han't got 'em ſince.

Lure. How, the Coll. uſe my Things! How dare the Coll. uſe any thing of mine?—But his Campaign Education muſt be pardon'd.—And I warrant they were fiſted about among his dirty Levee of diſbanded Officers?——Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, iron Swords, ty'd-up Wigs, and tuck'd-in Cravats, make me ſick as Death—Come, let me ſee.—[*Goes to take the Chocolate, and ſtarts back.*] Heav'ns protect me from ſuch a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you waſh your Hands laſt! And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fiſts of yours? [*Runs to the Glaſs*]—I muſt dreſs all over again—Go, take it away, I ſhall ſwoon elſe—Here, Mrs. Monſter, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorſe, ſee if my Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant!* I don't know what ails theſe Stays you have made me; but ſomething is the matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem. I am very ſorry for that, Madam. But what Fault does your Ladyſhip find?

Lure.

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in ſhort I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the Things are well enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too ſtraight, perhaps.

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—— Lard bleſs me; can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly Madam, I can't tell?——But your Ladyſhip, I think, is a little to ſlender for the Faſhion.

Lure. How! too ſlender for the Faſhion, ſay you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no ſuch Thing as a good Shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Waſtes are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to the faſhionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey——What d'ye think I wear Cloaths to pleaſe myſelf! Fit me! fit the Faſhion, pray; no matter for me——I thought ſomething was the matter, I wanted Quality-Air. ——Pray Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a ſpreading Counter. I do remember now, the Ladies in the Apartments, the Birth-Night, were moſt of 'em two Yards about.——Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my things any more with your ſcanty Chambermaid's Air, you ſhall work no more for me.

Rem. I ſhall take care to pleaſe your Ladyſhip for the future. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Maſter deſires——

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's ſake, hold; If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco-Breath of thine, I ſhall poiſon the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at the Door, pray, and ſpeak.

[Serv. *goes to the Door, and ſpeaks.*

Serv. My Maſter, Madam, deſires——

Lure.

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Raſcal bellows ſo loud, that he tears my Head to pieces.——Here, Aukwardneſs, go take the Booby's Meſſage, and bring it to me. [*Maid goes to the Door, whiſpers and returns.*

Cham. My Maſter deſires to know how your Ladyſhip reſted laſt Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Viſit this Morning?

Lure. Ay——Why this is civil!—— 'Tis an inſupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Huſbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good-morrow, deareſt Angel. How have you reſted laſt Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Coll.! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bleſs me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your ſlovenly Campaign-Airs? 'Tis the moſt unmannerly Thing in Nature to make a ſliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeneſs upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of Reception this, truly.——I'm very ſorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet ſhould create an Averſion to my Company: But for the future I ſhall honour your Ladyſhip's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jeruſalem!* Your Compliment, Sir, is very far-fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no ſerious Diſputes upon Trifles, ſince you know I never contend with you in Matters of Conſequence. You are ſtill Miſtreſs of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more abſolute in your Pleaſure, by adding one faithful Servant to your Deſires.—Come, clear your Brow of that uneaſy Chagrin, and let that pleaſing Air take place that firſt enſnar'd my Heart. I have invited ſome Gentlemen to Dinner, whoſe Friendſhips deſerve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment ſhew how bleſs'd

bleſs'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the love of ſo agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I ſuppoſe, are all Men of Quality.

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, ſtain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I kept ſuch Company; 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk ſo ſeverely of my Friends—But my Brother, my Dear, is juſt come from his Voyage, and will be here to Pay his Reſpects to you.

Lure. Sir, I ſhall not be at Leiſure to entertain a Perſon of his *Wapping* Education, I can aſſure you.

Enter Parly, *and whiſpers her.*

Sir, I have ſome Buſineſs with my Woman; you may entertain your Sea-Monſter by your ſelf; you may command a Diſh of Pork and Peaſe, with a Bowl of Punch, I ſuppoſe; and ſo, Sir, much good may do you.—— Come, *Parly.* [*Exeunt* Lure. *and* Par.

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart.——Where's your Wife, Brother?——H'now Man, what's the Matter?—— Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No——I don't know——Hang it, I'm ſorry that I invited you:——For you muſt know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a ſudden.—— So that——

Fire. 'Pſhaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children or breeding Miſchief? Where is ſhe, Man? Prithee let me ſee her; I long to ſee this fine Lady you have got.

Stand.

Stand. Upon my Word ſhe's very ill, and can't ſee any Body.

Fire. So ill that ſhe can't ſee any Body! What, ſhe's not in Labour ſure! I tell you, I will ſee her. ——Where is ſhe? [*Looking about.*

Stand. No, no, Brother; ſhe's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous ſick, and gone out! So ſick, that ſhe'll ſee no body within, yet gone abroad to ſee all the World!—Ay, you have made your Fortune with a Vengeance!——Then, Brother, you ſhall dine with me at *Locket*'s; I hate theſe Family-Dinners, where a Man's obliged to. O Lard, Madam; no Apology, dear Sir——'Tis very good indeed, Madam.——For your ſelf, dear Madam. ——Where between the rubb'd Floor under-foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glaſſes in another, a Man can't make two Strides without hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; coming, coming, Sir. Much Noiſe, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horſe, drink like a Fiſh, and ſwear like a Devil. Hang your Family-Dinners; come along with me.

[*As they are going out, enter* Banter; *who ſeeing them, ſeems to retire.*]

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Buſineſs, pray Sir?

Bant. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be ſo proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as myſelf.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother; he has ſome Buſineſs with your Wife.

Ban. His Wife, Gad ſo! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handſome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monſter about him; I would fain ſee his Forehead tho'—— Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Yours, Sir.——But why d'ye ſtare ſo in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell*'s Huſband had ſomething very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother. [*In his Ear.*

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a croſs Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable ——But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known.

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and diſtinguiſh'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir *Harry Wildair*; and I hope to inherit his Eſtate with his Humour, for his Wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir, I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether ſo well; for what's Nature in him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, Laird, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me, what is acquir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'ye think my Humour was eſtabliſh'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At *Oxford.*

Stand. } At *Oxford!*
Fire. }

Ban. Ay: There have I been ſucking my dear *Alma Mater* theſe ſeven Years: Yet in defiance to Legs of Mutton, Small Beer, crabbed Books, and four-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Miſtreſs, play at Picquet, or make a Paroli, with any *Wildair* in *Chriſtendom.* In ſhort, Sir, in ſpite of the Univerſity, I'm a pretty Gentleman.——Colonel, Where's your Wife?

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] *In ſpite of the Univerſity, I'm a pretty Gentleman.*——Then, *Colonel, Where is your Wife?*——Hark ye, young *Plato*, whether wou'd you have your Noſe ſlit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. Firſt tell me, Sir, which you wou'd chuſe, to be run through the Body, or ſhot thro' the Head?

Fire.

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants ſhall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Buſineſs upon Earth but to anſwer impertinent Queſtions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digeſt theſe ſix brawny Fellows for a Breakfaſt, their Maſter, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd juſt now ſix Months Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are ſo free of your Pay, get into the next Room; there you'll find ſome Company at Cards, I ſuppoſe; you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my Houſe protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the Time will come. [*Exit.*

Ban. Well ſaid, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuſe the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boiſterous Elements, the Wind and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very Impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a Beau.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition.—But pray, Sir, have you ſeen your Brother ſince he came laſt over?

Ban. I ha'n't ſeen my Brother theſe ſeven Years, and ſcarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Deſign of being in *London* very ſoon, with a Deſire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, and came up to *London* to attend him, went to his Houſe, but that was all in

Troubles for the Death of his Wife; there I was told that he deſign'd to change his Habitation, becauſe he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might diſturb his Quiet. You are the firſt Perſon that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewiſe inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I ſuppoſe, Sir, this was the Bus'neſs that occaſion'd me the Honour of this Viſit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Conſequence. You muſt know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thouſand Lies in the Univerſity, yet I have learn'd to ſpeak the Truth myſelf; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Viſit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was deſign'd to the Lady *Lurewell.*

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell,* I ſay, Sir.

Stand. But I ſay, my Wife, Sir.——What!

Ban. Why, look ye Sir; you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell*'s Huſband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that ſhe's call'd Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handſome young Fellow; ſhe lik'd you; ſhe marry'd you; and tho' the Prieſt made you both one Fleſh, yet there's no ſmall Diſtinction in your Blood. You are ſtill a diſbanded Colonel, and ſhe is ſtill a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the moſt impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Maſter of Arts, and I plead the Privilege of my Standing.

Enter a Servant and whiſpers Banter.

Serv. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below ſays, he'll be gone unleſs you come preſently.

Ban. I had forgot—Col. your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Stand. You muſt excuſe me for not waiting on you down Stairs.——An impudent young Dog.

[*Exit another way.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monſ. Marquis *and* Fireball, *as loſing Gameſters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.*

Lure. RUin'd! undone! deſtroy'd!

1 *La.* Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2 *La.* What will my Huſband ſay?

Monſ. Oh *malheur! malheur! malheur!*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have loſt ſix Months Pay.

Monſ. A hundred and ten Piſtoles, ſink me.

Fire. Sink you! ſink me, that have loſt two hundred and ten Piſtoles.——Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Monſ. Becauſe me had loſe by de Card tree times before.——Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morblieu! qui ſa?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your ſetting the Cards; you us'd to *Tailleé* with Succeſs.

Monſ. Morbleu, Madam, me nevre loſe before; But that Monſieur Sir *Arry*, that Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil.——Vere is de Chevalier?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder. — Go, go, be gone; and bethink yourſelf of ſome Revenge. Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and ſeventy *Louis d'Ors!*— Tall dall de rall [*Sings.*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any body may dance to this Tune; —— Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pounds, the moſt elevated Piece of Muſick that ever I heard in my Life; they are the prettieſt Caſtagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. *Parley* —— here's Hoods and Scarfs for you: [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, ſplendid Equipage, lovely Women, and

victorious *Burgundy* for me — Oh the charming Angels! the Loſers Sorrow, and the Gainer's Joy: Get ye into my Pocket. — Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant.— You'll excuſe me, I hope; the ſmall Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune. —— Ho'now! Mute! Why, Ladies, I know that Loſers have Leave to ſpeak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb. —— *Monſieur!* Ladies! Captain!

[*Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.*

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'ye ſtrike me, Sir?

[*Drawing.*

Wild. To comfort you, Sir.——Your Ear, Capt. ——The King of *Spain* is dead.

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Cæſar*; I had a Letter on't juſt now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall [*Sings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray ſtrike me again, if you pleaſe——See here, Sir, you have left me but one ſolitary Guinea in the World. [*Puts it in his Mouth.*] — Down it goes i'faith. —— Allons for the *Thatch'd Houſe* and the *Mediterranean.* — Tall dall de rall. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha.——Bravely reſolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bleſs me, Sir *Harry!* I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm ſo much concern'd.

Wild. At the loſs of your Money, Madam. But why, ſhould the Fair be afflicted? Your Eyes, your Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate'er they pleaſe. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines for you. Your Eyes unty the Miſer's knotted Purſe. [*To one Lady.*] Melt into Coin the Magiſtrate's maſſy Chain. ——Youth mints for you Hereditary Lands. [*To another.*] —— And Gameſters only win when they can loſe to you. [*To* Lurewell.] —This Luck is the moſt Rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lure. I have a great Mind to forſwear Cards as long as I live.

1 *La.* And I. [*Exit.*

2 *La.* And I. [*Crying, and Exit.*

Wild. What, forſwear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade, —— I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Baſſet-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Miniſter of Fortune's Power, that blindly ſhuffle out her thoughtleſs Favours, and make a Knave more powerful than a King. — What Adoration do theſe Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And the pleaſing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Baſſet: — And then Ombre! who can reſiſt the Charms of Mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; and then the *Sept le Va, Quinze le Va, & Trante le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbidge, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Ay, Madam, theſe are Charms indeed. —— Then the Pleaſure of picking our Huſband's Pocket over-night, to play at Baſſet next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Neceſſity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Piſtoles, which a hundred Year's Courtſhip cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir *Harry*, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, 'tis nothing but the Game; and I have play'd it ſo in *France* a Hundred Times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forſwear my Viſits, Faſhions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There ſpoke the Spirit of true-born *Engliſh* Women of Quality, with a true *French* Education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Huſband a large Fortune; he ſhall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam; there's no occaſion for that: See here, Madam!

Lure. What, the ſinging Birds, Sir *Harry*, let me ſee.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, theſe are but a few.——But I could wiſh, *de tout mon ceur, for quelque Commodite*, where I might be handſomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. Ah! Chevalier! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout ſa.———

Wild. Allons, Allons, Madam, tout á votre ſervice. [*Pulls her.*

Lure. No, no, Sir *Harry*, not at this time o'day; you ſhall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you ſomething to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French* Pocket-Book, with ſome Remarks of my own upon the new Way of making Love. Pleaſe to peruſe it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening.

Lure. [*Opening the Book.*] A *French* Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new way of making Love! Then Sir *Harry* is turning Author, I find. —What's here? — Hi, hi, hi. A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound. — The new Way of making Love! — *Pardie cét fort Gallant* — One of the prettieſt Remarks that ever I ſaw in my Life! Well now, that *Wildair's* a charming Fellow! — Hi, hi, hi, — He has ſuch an Air, and ſuch a Turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come, — Madam, I'll give you a hundred Guineas if you'll let me. — Faugh! hang their nauſeous immodeſt Proceedings. — Here's a hundred Pound now, and he never names the thing; I love an impudent Action with an air of Modeſty with all my Heart. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Lurewell *and* Monſieur Marquis.

LUREWELL.

WELL, *Monſieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monſ. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why ſhou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Perſonage! Ave I not de Underſtanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Baſſet bettre dan I? Den why ſhould Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why becauſe Fortune is blind.

Monſ. Blind! Yes, begar, and dum and deaf too, —Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature give de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Diſtribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, *Monſieur?*

Monſ. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monſ. Begar, Madam—Hi, hi, hi.—De Anglis Man's dead Vife ſall Cuckold her Usband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman Cuckold her Huſband!

Monſ. Mark! Madam: We France-Men make de diſtinction between de deſign and de term of de Treaty.—She canno touch his Head, but ſhe can Cuckold his Pocket of ten touſand Livres.

Lure. Pray explain yourſelf, Sir.

Monſ. I ave Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir, *Harry*'s Wife in your Pocket!

Monſ. Hold, Madam, dere is an autre Diſtinction between de Deſign and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Diſtinctions, but ſpeak plain.

Monſ. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but Diſtinction upon his Tongue.—See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Arry*'s Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is't poſſible?

Monſ. Voyez.

Lure. The very ſame, and finely drawn, pray, *Monſieur*, how did you purchaſe it?

Monſ. As me did Purchaſe de Picture, ſo me did gain de Subſtance, de dear, dear Subſtance, by de bon mien, de France Air, chatant, charmant, de Politique à la Tate, and dançant à la Pie.

Lure. Lard bleſs me! How cunningly ſome Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than myſelf.———Here was ſuch a work with my Lady *Wildair*'s Piety! my Lady *Wildair*'s Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair*'s Fidelity, forſooth! Now, dear *Monſieur*, you have infallibly told me the beſt News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and ſhe was but one of us! heh!

Monſ. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no ſcandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture ſay noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Diſtinctions; I'm ſure it was ſo. I wou'd have given the World for ſuch a Story of her while ſhe was living. She was charitable, forſooth! and ſhe was devout, forſooth! and every body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair*'s Reputation: And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Diſcretion? She goes to Church twice a day.———Ah! I hate theſe Congregation-Women.

Women. There's ſuch a fuſs, and ſuch a clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more noiſe than all the Bells in the Pariſh ——Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monſ. De Advantage of ten touſand Livres, parde. —*Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady ſhe die at *Montpelier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat ſhe dye in dat City, and dat ſhe ſend me dis Picture as a Legacy, wid a touſand baſe mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon œur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Diſcretion! here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha, — Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monſ. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politick?

Monſ. Never to tell a Secret to a Woman.—— Madam, *je ſui vôtre ſerviteur.* [*Runs off.*

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we ſha'n't part ſo; I will have it. [*Follows.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! Look! Look you there, Brother! See how they Coquet it! Oh! There's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! Ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, may foy, pardie, allons:* Don't you ſee how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in Diſorder.*] Where's my Reaſon? Where's my Philoſophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir.—Blood! I ſay, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why ſtab him, ſtab him now.—— *Italian* him, *Spaniard* him, I ſay.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thouſand Heads; and tho' I ſhould cut this one off, the Monſter ſtill wou'd ſprout, Muſt I murder all the

the Fops in the Nation? and to ſave my Head from Horns, expoſe my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and kuff? —— Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Noſe of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Crevats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-Horſes.

Stand. A noble Plot.— But now it's laid, how ſhall we put it in Execution? for not one of theſe Fellows ſtirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're ſtout as Heroes; for I can aſſure you, that a Beau with ſix Footmen ſhall fight you any Gentleman in Chriſtendom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiſs your Hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll ſhew you how to manage a Beau preſently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a ſimple inoffenſive Fellow, that will rather make us Diverſion.

Fire. Diverſion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diverſion.

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a ſurfeit of Intriguing ſome Months ago, before I was marry'd—— Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a ſtrange Weathercock Head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; conſtantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up ſome Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions; that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the travelling Magot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occaſions; but lately, ſince the new

new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has poſſeſs'd him, and he runs ſtark mad after News and Politicks.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Coll. great——Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a kind of ſuſpicious Air.——Your Ear, Coll.——The Pope's dead,

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. [*Whiſpering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha.——And why d'ye whiſper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odſo! Faith that's true——But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, juſt come home from the *Baltick*.

Clin. Odſo! Noble Captain, I'm your moſt humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecaſtle.——Nay, a Kiſs o't'other ſide, pray.—Now, dear Captain, tell us the News.—Odſo! I'm ſo pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain——You ſailed a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick*.——Well, and what then? eh!

Fire. Why then——we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith?——Fooliſh! fooliſh! very fooliſh! a right Sea Captain——But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? And what Whales did you ſee?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coaſt of *Jutland*.

Clin. *Jutland!* Ay, that's part of *Portugal*,——Well, and ſo,—you enter'd the *Sound*;—and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith.——And then that pretty, dear, ſweet, pretty King of *Sweden!* What ſort of man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and ſlender.

Clin. Tall and ſlender! Much about my pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not ſo groſs, not altogether ſo low.

Clin. No! I'm ſorry for't; very ſorry, indeed.——[*Here* Parley *enters and ſtands at the Door*: Clincher *beckons her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and ſpeaking to her and the Gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what

what more? And ſo you bombarded *Copenhagen*,—— (Mrs. *Parley*) —— Whiz, ſlap went the Bombs. (Mrs. *Parley*) —— And ſo—— Well, not altogether ſo groſs, you ſay —(Here's a Letter, you Jade.) —— Very tall, you ſay? Is the King very tall?— (Here's a Guinea, you Jade.) —— [*She takes the Letter, and the Coll. obſerves him.*] Hem! hem! Coll. I'm mightily troubled with the Phthiſick of late.— Hem! hem! A ſtrange Stoppage of my Breaſt here. Hem! But now it is off again.— Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Eire. I tell you one piece that all the World knows, and ſtill you are a ſtranger to it.

Clin. Bleſs me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty Sea-Captain. Odſo! And I wonder, Captain, that your Underſtanding did not ſplit your Ship to pieces.

Fire. Why ſo, Sir?

Clin. Becauſe, Sir, it is ſo very ſhallow, very ſhallow. There's Wit for you, Sir ——

Enter Parley, *who gives the Coll. a Letter.*

Odſo! A Letter! Then there's News.—— What, is it the Foreign Poſt? What News, dear Coll. what News? Hark ye, Mrs. *Parley*,

[*He talks with* Parley *while the Coll. reads the Letter.*

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he?

[*Looks at* Clincher.

[*Reads*] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, leſt I ſhould violate the Work of your fair Hands.— [Oh! Fulſome Fop.] *I therefore with the Warmth of my Kiſſes thaw'd it aſunder.* [Ah, here's ſuch a turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!] *I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have ſome Pacquets upon that Affair to ſend my Correſpondent in* Wales; *but ſhall wave all Buſineſs, and haſten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying Poſt. Yours,*

Toby Clincher.

Very

Very well, Mr. *Toby*. —— Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife.

Fire. 'Sdeath, let me tear him to Pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locket*'s, and invent ſome way or other to fuddle him. —— Here Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you pleaſe to honour him with your Company at *Locket*'s.

Clin. His own Journal! Odſo, let me ſee it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News —— [*Reaas.*] Thurſday, Auguſt *the 17th, from the 6th at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courſes* per *Traverſe, true Courſe protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North* 45 *Degrees, Weſt* 60 *Miles, Difference of Latitude* 42 *Miles, Departure Weſt* 40 *Miles, Latitude* per *Judgment* 54 *Degrees* 13 *Minutes, Meridian Diſtance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is* 88 *Miles.* —— Odſo! Great News, Faith. —— Let me ſee. *At Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales Southward.* —— Odſo! a Whale! Great News, Faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear, with this Proviſo, Gentlemen, That I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I ſhall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the—

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue! [*Aſide.*

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Colonel, a very fine Lady. —— Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt* Fireball *and* Clincher.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, how go the reſt of our Affairs?

Par. Why, worſe and worſe, Sir; here's more Miſchief ſtill, more Branches a ſprouting.

Stand.

Stand. Of whoſe planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and feed Council already. —— Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Caſe now, that a Man muſt give four Guineas for the good News of his diſhonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honeſt: But this is making a Man's Fortune! ———Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Buſineſs goes on.

Par. But ſuppoſe the Bus'neſs be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; ſhe ha'n't ſeen him yet; and her Pride will preſerve her againſt the firſt Aſſaults. Beſides, I ſha'n't ſtay. [*Exeunt* Coll. *and* Par.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Wildair *and* Lurewell.

Lure. WELL now, Sir *Harry*, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the beſt penn'd Piece I have ſeen a great while, I don't know any of our Authors have writ in ſo florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving — Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expreſſions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rapſodies of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their ſpeaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer*'s time, perhaps have paſſed for Love; but now, 'tis only ſuch as I can touch that noble Paſſion, and by the true, perſwaſive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving

moving Style of *Louis d'Ors*, can raiſe the raviſh'd Female to a Rapture. —— In ſhort, Madam, I'll match *Cowly* in Softneſs, o'er top *Milton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the help of that moſt ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of *England*.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*, I begin to hate that old thing call'd Love; they ſay 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, no body wears it: And here too, Honeſty went out with the ſlaſh'd Doublets, and Love with the cloſe-body'd Gowns. Love! 'Tis ſo obſolete, ſo mean, and out of Faſhion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miſerable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad — Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha. — The beſt Emblem in the World. — Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down —— Love! —— Ay, methinks I ſee the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madneſs, and her Mouth full of Nonſenſe. —— Oh! Hang it.

Wild, Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Plaints, the Daggers, the Poiſons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man muſt kneel, and a Man muſt ſwear —— There is a Repoſe, I ſee, in the next Room. [*Aſide.*

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the moſt unnatural thing in the World; as fulſome as a Sack-Poſſet, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park. [*Pulls her again.*

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. Theſe Poets dreſs it up ſo in their Tragedies, that no modeſt Woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I muſt confeſs.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance, [*Pulling her.*

Lure. Truly ſo it does —— Hang their Impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [Lurewell *comes back.*

Lure. 'Pſhaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Huſband now — 'Pſhaw! — Very familiar, Sir. [Banter *takes up* Wildair's *Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lure. Diſcover'd too by a Stranger! — What ſhall I do?

Wild. [*from within.*] — Madam, you have got the moſt confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Colonel to write the Superſcriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bleſs me, Sir *Harry!* Don't you know that the Colonel can't write *French?* Your time is ſo precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris?*

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary; he underſtands the Intrigues of moſt Courts in *Europe*, they ſay.

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. Here, Madam, I preſume, 'tis right —— This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam? —— Dem him. [*Aſide.*

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the ſame Father, born of the ſame Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey day! How the Fellow ſtrings his Genealogy! — Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom-Thumb* for ought I know; but if you are my Brother, — I cou'd have wiſh'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer. [*Aſide.*

Ban.

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you in *London*; and if you can remember your own Hand, there 'tis. [*Gives a Letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me conſider you a little. — By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy; a handſome Face, good Shape, [*Walks about and views him.*] well dreſs'd — The Rogue has got a Leg too. — Come kiſs me, Child. — Ay, he kiſſes like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip. — Can'ſt thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monſieur.

Lure. Hey-day! *French* too! Why ſure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford!*

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London* — Brother, I have ſome Affairs of Conſequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you. Sir *Harry*, you'll ſtay Supper? [*Exit.*

Wild. Aſſurement, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both ſtay.

Wild. Both! —— Sir, I'll ſend you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I ſhall find better Mutton-Commons by meſſing with you, Brother — Come, Sir *Harry*: If you ſtay, I ſtay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow.—— Why Sirrah, haſt thou any Thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me; you ſhou'd keep a pack of Wenches o'purpoſe to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you? Look ye, Sirrah, come along; and for my Diſappointment juſt now, if you don't get me a new Miſtreſs to Night, I'll marry to-morrow, and won't leave you a Groat. —— Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother.

[*Puſhes him out, and Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, *hauling in* Clincher.

FIREBALL.

COME, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuſe me. Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, Faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir. — Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Fire. Well, the Death of this *Spaniſh* King will —

Clin. [*Returning.*] Eh! What's that of the *Spaniſh* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you pleaſe to ſit down, I'll tell you that old *Don Carlos* is dead.

Clin. Dead! —— Nay, then [*Sits down.*] — Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink preſently; I muſt write to my Correſpondent in *Wales* ſtrait — Dead!

[*Riſes, and walks about in Diſorder.*

Fire. What's the Matter, Sir?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, ſtark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have ſuch Fools as you to do with Politicks?

Clin. What, Sir? the Succeſſion — not mind the Succeſſion!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis ſettled upon a Prince of *France.*

Clin. What ſettled already! —— The beſt News that ever came into *England* —— Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succeſſion.

Fire.

Fire. Burn the Succeſſion, Sir: I won't drink it — What, drink Confuſion to our Trade, Religion, and Liberties?

Clin. Ay, by all means. — As for Trade, d'ye ſee; I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. Theſe Tradeſmen are the moſt impudent Fellows we have, and ſpoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly! —— And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi. —— Religion! — And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray? — And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion? That's pleaſant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. 'Pſhaw! Liberties! That's a Jeſt. We Beaux ſhall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for. ——

Enter Standard.

Dear Colonel, the rareſt News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Queſtion, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, bring in the Brandy —— Fill.

Clin. This is a Piece of Politicks that I don't ſo well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, ay, this comes o'the Succeſſion; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand. Drink, Sir, I ſay —— Brother, manage him, I muſt be gone. [*Aſide to* Fireball, *and* Exit.

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land! —— Look ye, Gentlemen, if I muſt be poiſon'd, pray let me chuſe my own Doſe —— Were I a Lord now, I ſhould have the Privilege of the Block,

Block, and as I'm a Gentleman, pray ſtifle me with Claret at leaſt! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy! you Dog, abuſe Brandy! Flat Treaſon againſt the Navy-Royal. —— Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuſe the Fleet —— Here, *Shark.*

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and preſs this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub.*

Sha. Ay, Maſter. [*Exit.*

Clin. What! aboard the *Belzebub!* —— Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuſe to go to the Devil this way. Here, Sir, your good Health; —— and my own Confuſion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimſtone! and Tobacco! [*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then. —— Take the Glaſs, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadſide! nay then, I'm ſunk downright. —— Dear Captain give me Quarter, conſider the preſent juncture of Affairs; you'll ſpoil my Head, ruin my Politicks; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark.*

Clin. Well, well, I will drink —— The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks*] Whiz, Buz. Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breaſt, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron. —— Eh! Bleſs me, how the Ship rouls! —— I can't ſtand upon my Legs, Faith. —— Dear Captain, give me a Kiſs. — Ay, burn the Succeſſion. — Look ye, Captain, I ſhall be Sea ſick preſently. [*Falls into* Fireball's *Arms.*

Enter Shark, *and another with a Chair.*

Fire. Here, in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir, —— Avaſt, avaſt, —— Here, Boy. —— No, *Nants* leſt. —— [*Tops the Glaſs.*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. DID you ever ſee ſuch an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter?* He follow'd his Brother up and down from place to place ſo very cloſe, that we could not ſo much as whiſper.

Par. I reckon Sir *Harry* will diſpoſe of him now, Madam, where he may be ſecur'd. —— But I wonder Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour.

Lure. I wiſh, *Parley*, that no harm may befal me to Day; for I had a moſt frightful Dream laſt Night; I dreamt of a Mouſe.

Par. 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, you ſhou'd be ſo much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us ſome darling Fright. —— I now hate a Mouſe; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlefan* can't bear a Squirril; the Counteſs of *Piquet* abominates a Frog; and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis *running.*

Mar. Madam! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez. —L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it —— Well, but how? How, dear Monſieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau — Voyez, Madam! me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furniſe his Lady wid ten touſan Livres for de Expence of her Travaille; and dat ſhe not being able to write when ſhe was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Huſband. Mark ye!

Lure. The beſt Plot in the World. — You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*, when her Bills, I ſuppoſe, were delay'd. — You put in that, I preſume.

Mar. Ouy, Ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-bed ſhe gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that ſhe had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother ſent over to you, with Commiſſion to receive the Debt!

Mar. Aſſurement. — Dere was de Politique, de France Politique! — See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make the Angliſe Lady Cuckle her Huſband when ſhe was living, and ſheat him when ſhe was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha. — Oh Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ay, But what did Sir *Harry* ſay?

Mar. Oh! Begar Monſieur Chevalier he love his Vife; he ſay, dat if ſhe takes up a hundre touſan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he ſay, and order me de Money from his Stewar. — Oh notre Dame? Monſieur Sir *Arry* be one Dupe.

Lure. Well but, Monſieur, I long to know one thing. Was the Conqueſt you made of his Lady ſo eaſy? What Aſſaults did you make? And what Reſiſtance did ſhe ſhew?

Mar. Reſiſtance againſt de France Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere were tree-deux-yeux, one Serenade, an two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in Nature ſo ſweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story. — Well, Monſieur! 'tis about a thouſand Pounds; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Perdie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me vill give you de Preſent of Fifty *Louis d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? — Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes, begar, 'tis ver' well. — Conſidre, Madam, me be de poor *Refugé*, me 've noting

noting but de religeous Charite, and de France Politique, de Fruit of my own Addreſs, dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity with a thouſand Pound in his Fiſt! Emh! Oh Monſieur; that's my Huſband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below*] He muſt not ſee you. Get into the Cloſet till by and by, [*Hurries him in*] and if I don't be reveng'd on your *France* Politique, then I have no *Engliſh* Politique — Hang the Money! I would not for twice a thouſand Pound forbear abuſing this virtuous Woman to her Huſband.

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir *Harry*, Madam.

Lure. As I could wiſh. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. *Parley*, in the firſt place I ſacrifice a *Louis d' Or* to thee for good-luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child, *French* Money is always moſt ſucceſsful in Bribes, and very much in fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, *and runs to Sir* Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you pleaſe to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick. Sir, Sir! ſhall I order your Chair to the back Door by five a-Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone. —[Dicky *runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have ſecur'd my Brother, you have diſpos'd of the Colonel, and we'll rail at Love till we han't a Word more to ſay.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry* — Pleaſe to ſit a little, Sir — You muſt know I'm in a ſtrange Humour of aſking you ſome Queſtions — How did you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha, — So very well, faith, that for her very Sake I'm in Love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony pleaſe you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir *Harry!* This is Raillery. But your ſerious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by chance, ſhe was virtuous by chance, and I lov'd her by great chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap. — I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night, ſhe was my Miſtreſs one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the Variety of a Thouſand, and the very Confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleaſure of Change.

Lure. And ſhe was very virtuous.

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know ſhe was beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, ſparkling Wit in her Forehead, aad ſprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. 'Pſhaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't anſwer my Queſtion, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, ſhe was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Eſtate gave me a Luſtre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleaſures circled without end.

Lure. Golden Pleaſures! Golden Fiddleſticks. —— What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was ſhe virtuous, I ſay?

Wild. Ready to burſt with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aſide.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to pleaſe her, ſhe dreſs'd to engage me! we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonſenſe, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Playhouſe, and all the Night. —— Hem.

Lure. Look ye, Sir, anſwer my Queſtion, or I ſhall take it ill.

Wild.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never ſuch a Pattern of Unity.—Her Wants were ſtill prevented by my Supplies; my own Heart whiſper'd me her Deſires, 'cauſe ſhe herſelf was there; no Contention ever roſe, but the dear Strife of who ſhould moſt oblige; no Noiſe about Authority: for neither would ſtoop to command, 'cauſe both thought it Glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff! ſtuff! ſtuff! —— I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoke of Matrimony, becauſe our Inclinations made us one; a Power ſuperior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had loſt its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before; Then ——

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry* I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, Affronted?

Lure. Yes, Sir; 'tis an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended, and I will reſent it. —— In ſhort, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a ——

Wild. Buz, Madam. — No Detraction. — I'll tell you what ſhe was. — So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I ſaw another in her Arms, I ſhou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conſcious Reaſon had given my Eyes the Lie.

Lure. Very well! Then I an't to be believ'd, it ſeems. — But d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, 'tis not in the power of Malice to caſt a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conſpir'd both againſt her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable. [*Stopping his Ears.*

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you ſhall hear it. — The Picture, The Picture, The Picture! [*Bawling aloud.*

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Piſtol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure. That Picture which you had juſt now from the *French* Marquis for a thouſand Pound; that very Picture did your very virtuous Wife ſend to the Marquis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robbed of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. [*Aloud.*

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll ſwear it. — She Virtuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings*] Tal, lal, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like ſeen! He won't hear me— I burſt with Malice, and now he won't mind me! — Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then, I can't bear it. [*Burſts out a crying.* —— Sir, I muſt ſay that you're an unworthy Perſon, to uſe a Woman of Quality at this rate, when ſhe has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miſcarry. Sir, I ſay again and again, that ſhe was no better than one of us, and I know it; I have ſeen it with my Eyes, ſo I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beſeech thee. How ſhall I 'ſcape?

Lure. Will you hear me yet? Dear, Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to ſpeak.

Wild. Oh! I have it. —— Huſh, huſh, huſh.

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A Mouſe, a Mouſe, a Mouſe!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Wild. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam.

[Lure. *ſhrieks and runs.*

Wild. O my Head! I was never worſted by a Woman before. — But I have heard ſo much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking*] Nay then, I muſt run for't. [*Runs out and returns*] — The Entry is ſtopt by a Chair coming in; and ſomething there is in that Chair that I will diſcover, if I can find a place to hide myſelf. [*Goes to the Cloſet-door*] Faſt! I have Keys about me for moſt Locks about St. *James*'s —

Let

Let me ſee. — [*Tries one Key*] No, no; this opens my Lady *Plantborn*'s Back-door. — [*Tries another*] Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stakeall*'s Garden. —[*Tries a third*] Ay, ay, this does it, Faith.

[*Goes into the Cloſet, and peeps out.*

Enter Shark *and another, with* Clincher *in a Chair.*

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Order to lug in your dirty Chair into the Houſe?

Sha. My Maſter, Sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your Maſter, Impudence?

Sha. Every body, Sauce-box. — And for the preſent, here's my Maſter, and if you have any thing to ſay to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs* Clincher *out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*] Steer away, *Tom.*

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you?

Par. Bleſs me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! what's the matter, *Clincher?*

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh! then 'tis well enough. —— Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the moſt unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Deſigns, all my Intrigues miſcarry. — Faugh! the Beaſt! But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. Shark!

Lure. What ſhall we do with him, *Parley?* If the Colonel ſhou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable Deſtruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unleſs I relieve her now, all the World can't ſave her.

Stand. Bleſs me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

Chn. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam! — Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And ſuch as he are all thoſe Fop-Gallants that daily haunt my Houſe, ruin your Honour, and diſturb my Quiet. — I urge not the ſacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earneſt Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Caſe in equal Balance, and ſee whoſe Merit bears the greater Weight, his or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Colonel.

Stand. Suppoſe yourſelf freely diſengag'd, unmarry'd, and to make a Choice of him you thought moſt worthy of your Love; wou'd you prefer a Brute? a Monkey? one deſtin'd only for the Sport of Man? — Yes; take him to your Bed; there let the Beaſt diſgorge his fulſome Load in your fair, lovely Boſom, ſnore out his Paſſion in your ſoft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his ſick Debauch, perfume your ſweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauſeous! nauſeous! Poiſon!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to ſet a Value on myſelf: But when compar'd to him, there Modeſty muſt ſtoop, and Indignation give my Words a Looſe, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemiſh'd in my Honour, have nobly ſerv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I ſhould think ſo too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as he, my Perſon too as fair to outward view; and for my Mind, I thought it could diſtinguiſh right, and therefore made a Choice of you. —— Your Sex have bleſs'd our Iſle with Beauty, by

by diſtant Nations priz'd; and could they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes —— He will conquer, unleſs I relieve her in time; ſhe begins to melt already.

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I ſwear, the conſtant Study of my Days and Nights have been to pleaſe my deareſt Wife. Your Pleaſure never met Controul from me, nor your Deſires a Frown. — I never mention'd my Diſtruſt before, nor will I now wrong your Diſcretion, ſo as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man! [*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, then 'tis time for me; I will relieve her. — [*He ſteals out of the Cloſet, and coming behind* Standard, *claps him on the Shoulder.*] Colonel your humble Servant. ——

Stand. Sir *Harry*, how came you hither?

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow! Thou haſt got thy Load with a Witneſs; but the Wine was humming ſtrong; I have got a Touch on't myſelf. [*Reels a little.*

Stand. Wine, Sir *Harry!* What Wine!

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff. But the Dog was ſoon gone, knock'd under preſently.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you, it ſeems? Eh!

Wild. Yes, faith, we have been together all this Afternoon; 'tis a pleaſant fooliſh Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on pretence of hearing all the News from the Jubilee. The Humour [illegible] to me; ſo to't we went. — But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb, two or three Bumpers did his Buſineſs. — Ah, Madam! what do I deſerve for this? [*Aſide to* Lurewell.

Lure. Look ye there, Sir, you ſee how Sir *Harry* has clear'd my Innocence. — I'm oblige t'ye, Sir; but I muſt leave you to make it out. [*To* Wild. *and* Ex.

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Lure. Look ye there, Sir, you ſee how Sir *Harry* has clear'd my Innocence. — I'm oblige t'ye, Sir; but I muſt leave you to make it out. [*To* Wild. *and* Ex.

Stand. Yes, yes; he has clear'd you wonderfully.—But pray, Sir. —— I ſuppoſe you can inform me how Mr *Clincher* came into my Houſe? Eh!

Wild. Ay: Why, you muſt know that the Fool got preſently as drunk as a Drum; ſo I had him tumbl'd into a Chair, and order'd the Fellows to carry him home. Now you muſt know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it ſeems, miſtook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O, yes; ſad Loggerheads, to miſtake a Door in *James-Street* for a Houſe in *Covent-Garden.*—Here

Enter Servant.

Take away that Brute. [*Servants carry off* Clincher. And you ſay 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir *Harry*, very ſtrong.

Wild. 'Egad, there is ſome Trick in this Matter, and I ſhall be diſcover'd. [*Aſide*] Ay, Colonel; but I muſt be gone: I'm engag'd to meet —— Colonel, I'm your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleu! Theſe Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the ruin of all our Deſigns. [*Aſide.*

Stand. But where's you Hat, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is juſt bound to my Body. How ſhall I come off? —— Hark ye, Colonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it. —— You muſt know, juſt as I came into the Room here, what ſhou'd I ſpy but a great Mouſe running acroſs that Cloſet door, I took no notice, for fear your Lady ſhould be frighted, but with all my Force (d'ye ſee) I flung my Hat at it, and ſo threw it in o the Cloſet, and there it lies.

Stand. And ſo, thinking to kill the Mouſe, you flung your Hat into that Cloſet.

Wild. Ay, ay, that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir *Harry*, I'll bring it out.

[*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Wild.

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty Lies in a Breath.

Stand. Sir *Harry!* Is this the Mouſe that you threw your Hat at?

[Standard *comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and hawling in the* Marquis *with the other.*

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monſieur *Marquis*, as for your part, I ſhall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I muſt cut his Throat firſt.

Mar. Vat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Meſſieurs, I ave but one Troat.

Enter Parley, *and runs to* Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monſieur is innocent; he came upon another Deſign. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any Noiſe, 'twill ſpoil all.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation, ſo that no Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal: Therefore, Gentlemen, let me tell you, 'tis time to deſiſt. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay; ſo 'tis faith. Come, Monſieur, I muſt talk with you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

STANDARD.

IN ſhort, Brother, a Man may talk till Domeſday of Sin, Hell, and Damnation: But your Rhetorick will ne'er couvince a Lady that there's any thing of a Devil in a handſome Fellow with a fine Coat. You muſt ſhew the Cloven-foot, expoſe the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Virtue ſleeps, her Pride will ſurely take th'Alarm.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you ſent him away. ——

Stand. No, no; the Fool has ſerved my turn, without the Scandal of a public Reſentment; and the Effect has ſhewn that my Deſign was right; I've touch'd her very Heart, and ſhe relents apace.

Enter Lurewell *running.*

Lure. Oh! my Dear, ſave me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you?

[*Draws his Sword, and ſtands before her.*

Lure. Oh! Sir, a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! I have ſeen it twice.

Fire. Nay, then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghoſts; ſend for the Parſon. [*Sheaths his Sword.*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Colonel! I'll never lie alone again: I'm frighted to death; I ſaw it twice; twice it ſtalked by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice uttered a piteous Groan.

Stand.

Stand. This is ſtrange! Ghoſts by Day-light!—— Come, my Dear, along with me; don't ſhrink, we'll ſee to find this Ghoſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, *and* Dicky.

Wild. Dicky?

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thouſand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpellier* by a *French* Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monſieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thouſand Marqui's, but the Devil of one of 'em cou'd lend a thouſand Pence, much leſs a thouſand Pound.

Mar. Morblen, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray anſwer me one Queſtion? What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, Monſieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*, and are a downright Atheiſt in *England*? A very tender Conſcience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monſieur, my Conſcience be de ver' tendre; he no ſuffre his Maſtre to ſtarve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *Franſois*, Monſieur.

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *Engliſh*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecoute, Monſieur Sir *Arry* — Voyez ſa — De *France* Marquis ſcorn de Law.

Law. My Broder lend your Vife de Money, and here is my Witneſs. [*Draws.*

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very poſitive, and ſhall be examin'd: But this is no place to try the Cauſe; we'll croſs the Park into the Fields; you ſhall throw down the Money between us, and the beſt Title, upon a fair Hearing, ſhall take it up.—Allons!

Mar. Oh! De tout mon cœur.—— Allons! Fient à la tate, begar. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. 'PShaw! I'm ſuch a frighted Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy.—— Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it. Sir *Harry* ſhall know what a Wife he had, I'm reſolv'd. Though he wou'd not hear me ſpeak, he'll read my Letter ſure. [*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt. [*From within*]—— Hold.

Lure. Protect me! *Parley*, don't leave me.—— But I won't mind it.

Ghoſt. Hold.

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought ſo, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, Hold. I'll venture once more. [*Sits down to write.*

Ghoſt. Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! What is it?

Ghoſt enters, Lurewell *and* Parley *ſhriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.*

Ghoſt. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame.

Forbear,

Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With ſcandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.
Repent, vain Woman!
Thy Matrimonial Vow is regiſter'd above,
And all the Breaches of that ſolemn Faith
Are regiſter'd below. I'm ſent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Huſband's Bed,
Diſturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.
[*Stalks off.*

[Lurewell *ſwoons, and* Parley *ſupports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. Bleſs us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! We're frighted to Death; here has been the Ghoſt again.

Stand. Ghoſt! Why you're mad, ſure! What Ghoſt?

Par. The Ghoſt of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Wife.

Stand. Angelica!

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Miſtreſs with mere Morals.

Fire. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parley*. [Parley *leads out* Lurewell. What can this mean, Brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a deſign of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; ſo his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghoſts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Huſband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneaſy in her Grave. —— But whatever be the Cauſe, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the Park.*

Company walking; Wildair *and* Marquis *paſſing haſtily over the Stage, one calls.*

Lord. SIR *Harry.*

Wild. My Lord; —— Monſieur, I'll follow you, Sir. [*Exit* Marquis.

Lo. I muſt talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very ſhort, for I was never in more haſte in my Life.

Lo. May I preſume, Sir, to enquire the Cauſe that detain'd you ſo late laſt Night at my Houſe?

Wild. More Miſchief again! —— Perhaps, my Lord, I may not preſume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may preſume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it ſpoils your Face, —— But if you muſt know, your Lady owes me, two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will preſume to extort from your Lordſhip.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any thing to ſhew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I ſhew'd Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't paſs upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild Ha, ha, ha! —— 'Tis very ſtrange! That ſome Men, tho' their Education be never ſo Gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding! Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governors, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like; why then ſuch a Man was a Villain, and ſuch a one was a Man of Honour: But now that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, and the *Belleſprit*, I find that Honour look

looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buſkins upon your Lordſhip, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why ſhou'd you think ſo, Sir?

Wild. Becauſe the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troubleſome and impertinent thing. —— Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Chriſtians, as they do in *France?* I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I ſup with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine. —— Honour, That's ſuch an Impertinence! — Pray, my Lord hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation? Making a Jeſt of his Misfortunes? Cheating him at Cards, debauching his Bed, or the like?

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Piſh! Piſh! Nothing but good Manners, Exceſs of good Manners. Why, you han't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to ſhew our Wit and Breeding. — As for inſtance. Your Friend reflects upon you when abſent, becauſe 'tis good Manners; rallies you when preſent, becauſe 'tis witty; cheats you at Picquet to ſhew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to ſhew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In ſhort, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of things. Shou'd a Man with a handſome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White*, *Chaves*, *Morris*, *Locket*, *Pawlet*, and *Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd,

Lo. How ſo, Sir?

Wild Becauſe, my Lord, you muſt run all their Cuſtomers quite through the Body. Were it not for abuſing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houſes cou'd not ſubſiſt; and where there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal, and falſe Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound. — Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for ſhame; your Honour is ſafe enough,

for

for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket. [*Runs off.*

Lo. Sir I ſhall meet you another time. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis *with his Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap,* &c. *He dreſſes himſelf accordingly, and flouriſhes about the Stage.*

Mar. SA, ſa, ſa, ſient à la Tate. Sá, Embaracade; Quart ſur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha; the Devil! Muſt I fight with a Tumbler? Theſe *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, ſtripe.

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never ſtrip to engage a Man; I fight as I dance.—— Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, Pardie.

[*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*

Allons!

Enter Dicky, *and gives* Wildair *a Gun.*

Morbleu! que ſa?

Wild. Now, Monſieur, if you offer to ſtir, I'll ſhoot you through the Head.—— *Dicky*, take up the Money and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: And if my Maſter be kill'd t he Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your *French* Politique, now? Come, Monſieur, you muſt know I ſcorn to fight any Man for my own: but now, we're upon the level; and ſince you have been at the trouble of putting

putting on your Habiliments, I muſt requite your pains. So come on, Sir.

[*Lays down the Gun, and uſes his Sword.*

Mar. Come on! For wat? Wen de Money is gone! De *France-man* fight were dere is no Profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie. [*Sits down to pull off his Pumps.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you muſt fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Wy den, begar, Monſieur Chevalier, ſince de Money be gone, me vill ſpeak the veritie; —— Pardie, Monſieur, me did make the Cuckle of you, and your Vife ſend me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd ſhake Hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain ſcandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat.

[*They fight.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball, *who part 'em.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen. —— Brother, ſecure the Marquis. —— Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have ſomething to ſay to you very ſerious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of Humour, and want ſomething to make me laugh.

[*As they talk,* Marquis *dreſſes, and* Fireball *helps him.*

Stand. Will what's very ſerious make you laugh?

Wild. Moſt of all.

Stand. 'Pſhaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it. —— Pray, Colonel, what makes you ſtay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray anſwer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you muſt know we were a pair of the moſt happy, toying, fooliſh People in the World, till ſhe got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealouſy in her Head. This made her frumpiſh; but we had ne'er an angry word: She only fell a crying over

over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning. —— But pray no more on't. —— Are you hurt Monſieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be ſerious when I tell you that her Ghoſt appears.

Wild. Her Ghoſt! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleaſant faith.

Stand. As ſure as Fate, it walks in my Houſe.

Wild. In your Houſe! come along, Colonel. By the Lard I'll kiſs it. [*Exeunt* Wild. *and* Stand.

Mar. Monſieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you ſhall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat?

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm ſuch a Rogue as to part a Couple of Gentlemen when the're fighting, and not ſee 'em make an end on't; I think it a leſs Sin to part Man and Wife. —— Come along, Sir. [Exit *pulling* Monſieur.

SCENE, Standard's *Houſe*.

Enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. WELL then; this it ſeems, is the inchanted Chamber. The Ghoſt has pitch'd upon a handſome Apartment however. —— Well, Colonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you deſign it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful there it is.

Ghoſt walks acroſs the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is —— Emh! Blood, I'll ſpeak to't. —— Vous, Madamoiſelle Ghoſt, parlez vous *Francois?* —— No! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghoſt, will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Reſpect due to your Quality.

[*Ghoſt returns.*

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the Body of thy living Huſband, and ſtand me if you dare. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] —— Ha! 'tis Subſtance, I'm ſure. —— But hold, Lady Ghoſt, ſtand off a little, and tell me in good earneſt now, whether you are alive or dead?

Ang. [*Throwing off her Shroud.*] —— Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck.*] and never liv'd ſo much as in this Moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghoſt now, Colonel? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving Ghoſt?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement truly. —— Look ye, Madam, I hate to converſe ſo familiarly with Spirits: Pray keep your diſtance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. [*Moving away.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, moſt Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you together however. [*Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after ſo long and tedious an Abſence, to act the Stranger ſo. I now ſhall die in earneſt, and muſt for ever vaniſh from your Sight. [*Weeping and going.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but ſent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this occaſion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Muſick from both Houſes; *Pawlet* and *Locket* ſhall contrive for our Taſte; we'll charm our Ears with *Abel*'s Voice; feaſt our Eyes with one another; and thus with all our Senſes tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there, —— Look ye, Madam,

Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural, and more moving than all the Plays in *Chriſtendom*. —— I'll ſay no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But eaſe my Wonder firſt, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me reſolve, ſince I cou'd not live with you, to die to all the World beſides: I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore I had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sickneſs at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offered to the Body of our Ambaſſador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Aſſiſtance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and ſent him to obſerve your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return —— Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your buſy Brother, under which Diſguiſe I have diſappointed your Deſign upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and in the Form of a Ghoſt, have reveng'd the Scandal ſhe this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her ſufficiently from lying alone. I did reſolve to have frighted you likewiſe, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how ſqueamiſh, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humour'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head! But by what means, my Dear, could you purchaſe this double Diſguiſe? How came you by my Letter to my Brother.

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters ſince I came home. But for my Ghoſtly Contrivance, good Mrs. *Parley* (mov'd by the Juſtneſs of my Cauſe, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter

Enter Fireball *and* Marquis.

Fire. Sir *Harry*, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have diſcharg'd my Truſt.

Wild. Oh, Monſieur! Won't you ſalute your Miſtreſs, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me muſt run to ſome oder Countrey now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the *French* Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, becauſe 'tis the Faſhion for Ladies to know every body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, conſidering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it. —— But no matter, my Neighbours ſhall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, 'cauſe it was given by you.

[*Shows the Picture.*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful! —— And what's this?

[*Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly paſs for t'other. — Monſieur Marquis, *ecoute.* — You did lie wid my Wife, and ſhe did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by it.

Mar. Begar, Monſieur Chevalier, wen de *France-man* can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute —— I was acquaint wid de Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, and I give him ten Piſtole for de Copy. —— An ſo me ave de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis Politique, me ave de Reputation to lie wid dem all. ——

Wild. When perhaps your Pleaſure never reached above a Pit-Maſque in your Life.

Mar.

Mar. An begar, for dat matre, de natre of Women, a Pit-Maſque is as good as de beſt. De Pleaſure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de France.

[*Struts out.*

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and the Oſtentation of thy Country —— Look ye, Captain give me thy Hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promiſe to ſacrifice my Faſhions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horſes, Arms, and Equipage, and ſerve my King in *propria perſona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be occaſion.

Fire. Bravely ſaid Sir *Harry*: And if all the Beaux in the Side Boxes were of your mind; we would ſend 'em back their *L'Abbe*, and *Balon*, and ſhew 'em a new Dance to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth,

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky, *and* Parley.

Wild. Oh Colonel! ſuch Diſcoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honeſt *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir, I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance — Strike up. [*A Dance here.*

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retrieved our Wives; yours from Death, and mine from the Devil; and they are at preſent very honeſt. But how ſhall we keep 'em ſo?

Ang. By being good Huſbands, Sir; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles: For we are but Babies at beſt, and muſt have our Play-things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkeys, our China, our Faſhions, our Waſhes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence; therefore, I ſay, 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lure.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me adviſe you to obſerve, never to be jealous; or if you ſhould, be ſure never to let your Wife think you ſuſpect her; for we are more reſtrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdneſs, than by the Wickedneſs of the Fact; when once a Woman has bore the Shame of a Whore, ſhe'll diſpatch you the Sin in a Moment.

Wild. We're oblig'd to you, Ladies, for your Advice; and in return, give me leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Converſation never out-ſtrips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, ſometimes gay, and always pleaſed, but when I am angry; then ſorry, not ſullen: The Park, Playhouſe, and Cards, ſhe frequents in compliance with Cuſtom; but her Diverſions of Inclination are at home: She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours: To all this ſhe is beautiful to a wonder, ſcorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uſes all Arts to pleaſe her Huſband.

So ſpite of Satyr 'gainſt a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly bleſt with ſuch a Wife.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

VEntre bleu! vere is dis dam Poet? vere
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two Ear:
Je ſuis Enrage —— now he is not here.
He has affront the French! Le Villaine béte.
De French! your beſt Friend! ——you ſuffre dat?
Parbleu! Meſſieurs a ſerait fort Ingrate!
Vat have you Engliſh, dat you can call your own!
Vat have you of grand Pleaſure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, *dat vil go down?*
Picquet, Baſſet; your Vin, your Dreſs, your Dance;
'Tis all you ſee, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre knick knack;
He carry out Wit, but ſeldom bring it back:
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, ſo ſmall
De Joynt, you can no ſee de Vark at all,
Coſt him five Piſtoles, dat is ſheap enough,
In tre year it ſal ſave half an Ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet ſhe ave her Ratifia dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere;
As for de Cuckold — dat indeed you can make here;
De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
De ſhort Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare;
*De Beaux de large Muff, wit his Sleeve down dere.**
We teach your Vife, to ope dere Huſband's Purſes
To put de Furbelo round dere Coach and dere Horſes.
Garzoon! ve teach you every ting de Varle:
For vy den your damn Poet dare to ſnarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his Play,
Tre touſan Refugee (Parbleu c'eſt vray)
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.

* Pointing to his Fingers.

15 59 JUN